

*Here is Great News for England.*

*And good News for England.*

WAS not a Woman the first that Christ sent, and shall they not be the last? For they shall have the hardest Task? They are the finest of the Mold, and they shall tell you things not yet told: Christ loved a Woman best, because he laid on her Lap and suck'd on her Breast.

A Woman shall not be run down, for consider a Woman wore the Crown: A Woman brings forth the young, and is the finest because she hath so done: A Woman's the sweetest Bread, if she will but hear what the Spirit has said: Then she's God's own, for a Woman was made out of the Bone. A Man was made out of the Earth, he can't so well convince the Turk: The Earth will forsake, the Earth will give way, a Bone will give none, of a Bone came he that is, and was, and ever will be God's own. By a Woman came the fall, and freely without your Money, they'll help to draw you up all, that will obey your call: A Woman cut off *Adam's* Head, the neither drank his Drink nor eat his Bread; Yet by her the whole Army run and fled: What is it a Woman has not done, that a Man never did, brought our Saviour to Bed, the Virgin Mary was the first Preacher, for at the Dinner, she said what he bids you do, that do; ay and she was a Counsellor too, and they took her Council, so that when he spoke, they fill'd the Water pots, 'twas the best Wine that ever was drank, and if you was to hear him speak, you would find that it was the best Wine that ever you did drink. And the Woman at the Well of *Samarita* run into the City and said come see a Man that hath told me all that ever I did: And Mary Magdalen was the first that sav'd him after he arose again, says he go tell my Apostles that I am risen, was he not angry with the Apostles because they did not believe the Woman.

*Here is the Christians Letter to all that has in them no Religion at all.*

Says some is the Quakers way, the right way; yes, yes, for they directed me to him, he is in the inward Soul of Man that will be inwardly read all my Books, and they will direct ye to him; I believe this inward teaching is no less then the teaching of Christ, I have joy in the hearing of it, and joy in the writing of it, and joy in the Printing of it, and exceeding joy in the Preaching of it, and I rejoice when I meet with a Minister that I like, and I give him a Book freely, and he takes it be as much as you can alone, as you may have the teaching of God and not be thrown, that that checks you for Sin is the Spirit of Christ within, & if you will but mind it, & obey it it will make you wiser than all your teachers; Is not Christ to teach his People himself, now find out who is his People that he teaches himself; I believe I know them that lies low, some Men has outward learning a deal, but can ye tell me what the Spirit does to ye reveal, I speak now to elderly Men, come hold your Tongue and be no more a Reader, but let Christ be your Teacher; the sooner the better ye come from the Letter, for the Letter kills *the* *Letter*.

ye love, live love, and then ye vwill be the easiest and the happiest, and the most knowv; Come seek for the Blood of the Lamb, for that is now the Spirit teaching, there is Life in that, and joy and peace in the holy Ghost, Christ's followers vvas all led by it, vwhen they came to it; I tell ye the truth vwhat I believe, I am called chosen, sealed, redeemed, elected and nev born, and I have the Gospel to Preach, and woe to me if I hold my Tongue, neither a mock, nor a laugh, nor a jar do I fear; Carnal Men vwill laugh at Spiritual Men, and much more at Women; Oxford and Cambridge is to blame, for they make more Ministers then they can maintain, for no Man ought to be a Preacher before he has the spiritually teacher, are you taught by God, or are you taught by Man; for Prayers that comes from on high, ascends up on high such Warriors, I knew I long to be so too, Ann

Anderson, Anne Frame, and Charles Marshall's Wife, and Thomas Ussher, and William Penn, and Leonard Fell; said a Man cannot have a good thought, but as God puts it in his Mind, and yet he may have a Prayer by wrought with a Laughter, he drevv up their Belief, but before he had done, he made a great many vweep; I vwould vwait on God, and I believe he vwill Proclaim me thro' the City, I am like a War Horse to the Battle, I hear the Drums beat up for Volunteers, the War is novv begun and I cannot hold my Tongue, here is Trumpets put into Mouths that vwill blow, let the Storms beat never so; It vvas said to me blow your Trumpet, it shall not be in vain, throwv your Bread upon the Waters and you shall find it again, shall I have a Trumpet, and I shall sound it vwell, for I am cut from all the Earth, and all therein does dwell, my thinks this inward teaching is like my Husband's Father, Colemine that runs under Ground; you knowv not the vvorth of it, nor the depth of it, it is more vvorth then seven hundred a Year; I vwill not sell it, nor game it avway from my Children dear, but vwork and get Rich, all my Day I vwould not loose no time; I say, no Dancing, no Singing, no Musick for me, Dancing should make ye dread, because for it *John* the Baptist lost his Head, Singing alures Men to Whoring, I don't love no outvard Musick to please an outvard Ear, for that is not right, for it does all the Spiritual Worship a fright: O! happy Day may come to me at three score and three, and at four score and four, sorrowvs may not trouble me no more, and at a hundred Year old I may be more Beautiful, then now humble, meek and patience then ever, then People may mind me more, vwhen I deliver both invvard Riches and outvard Riches: O! that vwill be Beauty indeed.

Who knows what shall be done seven Years hence, I don't know but God knows I hope well for me and mine, who knows what shall be done ten Years hence, better and better, for them that love God, and *James* in the Letter, and them that lives twenty Years longer and can see the Gospel increas will have a noble Feast, and I believe in five and thirty Years and four, in a glorious Body that will descend down, for me to launce in, when I go out of this mortal Body then where is Purgatory, there is no such thing; Purgation is here when you are in Sorrow and Sin fear, some is judg'd now while their here well, and some not till they die and just a going to Hell; if ye have done Evil and will do it again and again, there is a Gulf to fall in, but if ye will repent and Sin fear, the greatest Sinner may become the greatest Saint; therefore let no Man faint, and the greatest Sufferer may become the greatest Preacher, to tell you the Truth I believe I shall be rich and sent by God to Preach. I would not be hindred from being a Preacher, nor for all the World I would not loose this heavenly Teacher, I believe I shall rise as the Sun at Noon Day, and all my Enemies will go away.

I hope when the Romish Priest sees the Substance of all Things is come, Hell bid my youngest Daughter hold her Tongue, and the Abby Common Prayer Men my Mother; the Carnal Man would if they could laugh the Spiritual Men to Scorn; but they can't if their Sealed and new Born, are you come to the Spirit of Christ's Teaching then are you not Sealed and new Born, let that Lives in Faith his Living is safe! O it is rare to live in Faith and not in fear, it is rare for *any* *man* *to* *Preach*, *to* *Smoking* *or* *to* *Drinking* *for* *all* *elderly* *People*, *will* *take* *to* *something*. Ay often to a Concubine, where they lose their Strength, and fight if you don't agree with your wife before you die, fear your Damn'd to Hell; which did first offend, to agree let them first send.

Prophecy: Prophecy, what must I Prophecy; He that does vvith another Man's Wife lye shall surely in Sin dye and you VVhore, be sure you shall pay the Score for watching the VVoman's Husband, in and out of his Door, a VVhore is like a Louse if you don't keep your self fat and greasy, and seldom shifting of ye a Louse vvon't stay long vvith ye, but vwill drop avway from ye, and so vwill a VVhore, if you have Substance for her no more.

The Whores they trap the Men in the Night, and the Wives are waiting and weeping when they should be Sleeping. A Whore is a deep Ditch, a nasty Sink the way to Hell, utter ruin and Confusion.